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The Spanish Bull Ring

BEING

Some Account of the Spanish Bull Fight
from its Earliest History and To-day

BY

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Author of

*"On the Spoor of the Elephant," "The Spanish Bull Fight,"
"Big Game and Big Life," "Snake Life Simply Told," etc.*

PREFACE BY

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TECHNICAL TERMS.

<i>Aficionado</i> ...	Literally meaning "fancier," enthusiast for bull-fighting.
<i>Alguazil</i> ...	A mounted official, a messenger, one who leads the "cuadrilla" into the ring.
<i>Areneros</i> ...	Men who sweep and rake the sand in the ring.
<i>Banderilleros</i>	The men who insert the darts in the bull.
<i>Burladeros</i> ...	Wooden palings where toreros take refuge, and incidentally mock the bull.
<i>Capa</i> (or <i>Capóte</i>)	Cloak, cape, mantle.
<i>Chiquero</i> ...	
	Cell or cage for the bulls, where they are placed singly before being let out into the arena.
<i>Conocedor</i> ...	Connoisseur, expert.
<i>Corrida</i> ...	A bull-fight.
<i>Cuadrilla</i> ...	Three men known as banderilleros and two horsemen called picadors, and all of whom are under the espada.
<i>Descabello</i> ...	Act of pithing the bull with a sword, coup de grâce.
<i>Encierro</i> ...	Ceremony of enclosing bulls in the pen.

<i>Espada</i>	...	When a torero is raised to the rank of a matador, or espada.
<i>Estocada</i>	...	A thrust.
<i>Ganadería</i>	...	A herd, or breed.
<i>Maestro</i>	...	Manager.
<i>Matador, or Espada</i>	...	{ Leader of the cuadrilla, and who kills the bull with a sword.
<i>Montera</i>	...	Cap, or headgear worn by all except the horsemen.
<i>Muleta</i>	...	A stick upon which a red silk flag is attached and used when the matador is about to kill the bull.
<i>Peones</i>	...	The boys who lead, or thrash, the horses into the ring and towards the bull.
<i>Picadores</i>	...	The men on horseback.
<i>Puntillo</i>	...	A dagger about 15 in. in length.
<i>Toril</i>	...	The pen enclosing bulls before they enter the ring.
<i>Toreros</i>	...	The bull-fighters.
<i>Verónicas</i>	...	The action of putting the cape behind the back when playing with the bull.

TO
AFICIONADOS.

PREFACE.

EVERY "aficionado," for the explanation of the word see the glossary affixed to the book, should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this little history. Perhaps, indeed, tract, and not history, is the better term to apply to this most interesting account of the "Art, that with Frascuelo came from heaven," as men in La Tierra de Maria Santísima are wont to say.

History, because the book deals with La Tauromaquia since El Cid Campeador, mounted perhaps on Babicca, he who lies buried in front of the Convent of San Pedro de Cardena, for it was not meet that he who had trampled down so many Moors should be devoured of dogs, took the rejón in hand.

Tract, because in his work the righteous indignation of the author, himself a horseman, is let loose upon the cruelty, the stupid cruelty of introducing worn-out, blindfolded horses, for the bull to gore and tire himself, into the ring.

From the Cid down to the time when Pepe Hillo and El Señor Romero and their respective schools fought for the mastery in the early days of the past century, the author shows

how, even in old times, opinion was divided in the Spains about the Art Divine. Popes tried to prohibit it without success. Even the Catholic Queen herself, who pawned her jewels to help the "Noble Genoese" upon his voyage into the unknown, was powerless. Although having once seen a bull-fight, she vowed it was the last.

Philip II, not a horseman, for we know that at Brussels "no one ran worse, at tilting, than the Prince of Spain," according to the Venetian minister, seems to have but little stomach for the national sport.

Philip III was a discreet, not too enthusiastic attendant at the bull-fights that were held in the old Plaza, that still presents almost the same appearance as it did when the whole court thronged every balcony.

Philip IV, "easily the best horseman" in his dominions, as chroniclers inform us, and certainly Velazquez shows him to us, "well put on," riding his fiery Cordobese so easily, was wont to take the spear in his own regal hand, amidst the applause of all his courtiers. So it cannot be denied the national sport enjoys historical continuity. So had slavery, an institution which, for all I know, also came down from heaven.

Most brutal sports, as bull-baiting, otter hunting, and the rest of those diversions that, good men tell us, go to make Englishmen the people that they are, were practised by our

ancestors. The good men who, in all sincerity enunciate their belief, forget that those stark fighters before the Lord, the Japanese, are vegetarians, and have no national blood sport, but fishing with a float. Unlike the generality of authors who write upon a subject gotten up from books, our author has gone to the fountain-head at Seville, the great university of the Art.

I would though that he had read "*La Tauromaquia, ó Arte de Torear, á caballo y á pie,*" por Josef Delgado (Vulgo), Hillo, Madrid. 1804. In it he would have learned many things that every sportsman-gentleman should know.

How, for example, the Emperor Charles V "*Alanceaba y rejoneaba los toros con mucha habilidad,*" that is, used both the short and the long spear with much ability, and how with one thrust he despatched a bull in Valladolid to celebrate the birth of his son Philip, thus, so to speak, giving him his baptism of blood. This ancient custom, that is, the "bleeding" of a child, has luckily been preserved in England, in which country the admiring foreigner, travelling to improve his mind, may see the huntsman daub the cheeks of a boy (or a girl) with the blood of the fox, the hounds have torn to pieces, still alive. We all have national customs.

Delgado (Vulgo, Hillo) goes on to preserve the names of all those kings and gentlemen who were skilful in the sport. We learn that

Don Gregorio de Tapia y Salcedo, Knight of the Order of St. James, the King, Don Sebastian, of Portugal, Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and many others, whose names, like those of Sir Tatton Sykes, Jack Mytton and Squire Osbaldiston, should be preserved in golden letters, were deacons at the game. The Dukes of Cantillana, Zárate, Sástago, Riaño, and the Count of Villa-Mediano did not do badly with the rejón, that is, the short lance.

Still, the greatest praise is due to Don Gregorio Gallo, also a Knight of St. James, who invented the legging called, formerly, "La espinillera," but since his time "gregoriana," after the noble knight. "A tout seigneur, tout honneur," did not Lord Sandwich gain eternal fame by his brave thought of putting thin slices of cold meat between two slabs of bread?

Had our author pursued Pepe Hillo's excellent work, he would have learned that the Arts of lassoing, "coleando," that is, throwing the bull by the tail, and even "bull-dogging a steer," as shown in the Rodeo held at Wembley, originally came from Spain.

Pepe, whose portrait done in miniature was lately to be seen and admired (ne deplaise al Señor Romero, his great rival) in the Burlington Fine Arts Club, has pictures in his Tauromaquia of all the above-mentioned Arts.

Moreover, he explains to the tyro how they

should be executed. He comments, pawkily, upon the way to throw the bull down by the tail, "Although this way of throwing down a bull is simple in the extreme, easy and graceful, there are but few who can make up their minds to execute it."

I who write this supererogatory preface know that this "suerte de colear" is easy to attempt, but differ from Professor Hillo as to the execution of it.

It would have pleased me to trace the genesis of bull-fighting from Hillo and Romero, through Cúchares, El Tato, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, Bombita, Bocanegra, Mazzantini, the divine Joselito and the rest of their compeers now seated in Olympus, down to Belmonte, and poor Nacional II, slain not in the exercise of his art, but basely by a bottle thrown by an iconoclast.

So might an amateur of fisticuffs enumerate his heroes, from Tom Crib, Mendoza, Bendiga, Belcher, Gentleman Jackson, Tom Sayers, Scroggins, Heenan, Old Paddock, and Jim Mace, down to the heroes who make fortunes in the ring, and on the films to-day. In either case it were a thankless task. What good these warriors did is buried with them, in their nameless graves. The folly that made heroes of them is with us still.

But, Yes, I remember, it was a preface that I had to write for Mr. Morewood Dowsett's book on bull-fighting.

Well, well, he went, as I have said, straight to the fountain-head. He has seen bull-fights, and, I hope, following the good example of the Catholic queen, has registered a vow to see no more of them. Who were the Espadas that he saw at work he does not tell us. Perhaps he had the luck to see Belmonte, that paladin who has so enshrined himself in Sevillian hearts that once a charitable stranger, seeing an urchin weeping on a doorstep and a man walking off, said, "Has that big brute been hitting you, my lad?" To which the weeping little angel answered, "No, Sir, but he has told lies about Belmonte."

All that the author says about the National Feast (*La fiesta nacional*) is quite correct and well observed.

He does not touch upon the danger the Espada has to face. The Espada, when alone, has to face the furious animal, driven furious by all that it has undergone, has no protection other than his skill, his courage, his sword and his red cloak.

Quite apart from ethical considerations, it is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. The man's life hangs upon a hair. A slip, a stumble, a momentary failure of his nerve, or a mistake in the manœuvring of the cloak, his death is certain. It becomes a duel between brute force and skill. That is the real attraction of the bull-fight to the "*aficionado*."

Nothing the author says about the horror

of the horses is exaggerated. He spares no detail, rightly, for it is detail in such cases that completes the picture and brings the scene home to the mind of him who reads about the blood, the trampled entrails, and all the blood-stained vulgarity, for cruelty is always vulgar, of this disgrace to Spain.

All those who love the land over whose sun-scorched plains the blood and orange standard waves, and in especial those who have lisped the language from their childhood, say sometimes, playfully, "*Quien dice España dice todo*," "He who says Spain says all." For the honour of a race whose word for gentleman is *caballero* (horseman), Spain should see to it that her "*caballerosidad*" is dragged no longer in the mire by the unnecessary and cruel torture of the horses in the ring.

It is not necessary, for in Caracas only last spring I saw two boys of fourteen and of fifteen years of age kill in an afternoon five half-bred Zebu bulls fresh from the plains. Compared to a half-bred Zebu for weight, for speed, and for ferocity, the fiercest Miura that ever faced the *Espada's* blade is as a sucking calf. In Venezuela no horses are allowed. To put down bull-fights is an impossibility, the passion for them is engrained too deeply in the race. What can be done is to prohibit horses in the ring.

If the *toreros* either lack skill or nerve to face a bull not wearied out with slaughtering

horses, Spaniards should hoot them from the ring, and on the paper fans they use at bull-fights erase the legend "Viva España" and write "Jindama." For this, see any dictionary of Caló.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE SPANISH BULL-RING.

It strikes a Britisher as being most extraordinary that whatever he reads or hears of the bull in Spain, it is everywhere considered not as an animal able to suffer, but as a ferocious beast over which man stands little chance of gaining victory, except by the use of consummate art, skill and study.

The bull is, as it were, a dragon, and the torero St. George attacking it. Where the bull does not show the necessary dragon-like ferocity, resentment demands his extinction or torture. This attitude towards the bull probably owes its origin in antiquity to the fights which took place between ancient hunters and *wild* bulls—when Europe was savage and uncultivated.

It does not yet seem to have occurred to the Spaniard that the bull can feel pain; at least, if it has occurred to him he pays no attention to the bull's possible suffering. This is either because he looks upon the bull as a wild beast (*fiera*), or because he is still in the same state as the natives of Africa, who regard animals with as much callousness as if they were blocks of wood or stone. This callousness, which we so often see in young children as well as primitive

ances, is perhaps the true reason for the disregard of the bull's sufferings, since the horse does not receive any measure of sympathy, nor are their terrible wounds even mentioned in their books or reports. The only matter which seems to impress their authors, as they describe what they choose to call progress in the art of bull-fighting, is the development of the means used by man in combating the bull, as if they found it necessary to describe man's continual struggle against the sea, pestilence, famine, or some inveterate enemy. Spanish writers are rather fond of saying that there is scarcely any Spaniard who is not enthusiastic over their national sport—bull-fighting.

They also say that so strong is the Spaniard's love for their national sport, that every effort for its suppression has met with failure.

"The origin of bull-fighting is hidden among the shades of antiquity," the Spanish historians say, but if one ventured to express an opinion as to its origin, would it be unreasonable to suggest that it was from the fights between pre-historic hunters and wild bulls which once roamed all over Europe?

After the battle of Pharsalica, the natives of Thessaly showed their skill before Julius Cæsar in spearing and throwing bulls. It appears that bull-fighting was general throughout the Mediterranean in Roman times. Gladiatorial exhibitions and bull-fighting went together. We can say perhaps that bull-

fighting was originally encouraged as a substitute for human sacrifice. Constantine, in A.D. 312, forbade gladiatorial exhibitions and allowed only bull-fighting. The Goths (A.D. 412) who conquered Spain, seem not to have been in favour of bull-fighting. It is strange that from the year 711 to the tenth century there is no mention of bull-fighting.

Is this because the Arabs, who conquered Spain in 711, did not decay in their habits till the tenth century, when their dominion in Spain began to reach its end?

There is no need for argument as to who brought bull-fighting to Spain. It was certainly an ancient Iberian sport, suppressed at times, and not mentioned during certain epochs.

In the eleventh century the Christians and Mohammedans began to mix on more equal terms. The Mohammedans were gradually being driven out of Spain, and bull-fighting became a common sport. Many years passed without the methods of bull-fighting changing, and there was little progress in the art, but it was beginning to be considered as an art.

In ancient times it consisted only in throwing the bull, and spearing him, or casting a cloak over him. This proves that at that period the sport derived its origin from quite a manly source, before civilization turned it into a brutal exhibition. That is to say, its origin appears to lie in the combat of a hunter, armed with a

sword, and a wild bull in the forest, and at that time the bull-fighter appears to have stood up to the beast in single combat, and there were no artificial tortures for the animal, nor protective devices for the man. This could be called wild sport, but what is enacted to-day is not sport, as no animal has even the remotest chance of saving itself. When at various times suppression of bull-fighting was ordered, or attempted, it was not in any way to mitigate the sufferings of the poor beasts, but was only to save human life. It is said by one writer that Queen Isabel la Católica forbade bull-fighting, but was forced by the national affection for the sport to rescind her prohibition. I show later that another writer said she did not forbid bull-fighting, although she had the desire to do so.

It is apparent that the Queen's anxiety was rather on behalf of the fighters than the bulls, because on rescinding her prohibition (it is recorded) she gave orders that the bulls' horns were to be padded. Charles III and Fernando VII later also tried unsuccessfully to forbid bull-fighting.

Up to the middle of the fourteenth century bull-fighting had become the exclusive sport of those of high rank, but now it became the sport of all.

During the reign of Charles I, i.e., V of Austria—1516-1555—bull-fighting increased, but in those days the "art of bull-fighting"



Two of the horses being watered. The door on the left led to a stable containing fifty-eight horses—so close together that they could not lie down. In the stable on the right were another six horses.



The horse lying on the right is in its dying agony—having been severely mutilated by a bull—which is now seen charging and tearing the second horse.



The bull is just outside the picture on the left and toreros are drawing him towards the horse on the left. The horse in the middle has had its near-side shoulder broken by the first charges of the bull, and as it cannot stand on three legs is being unsaddled and despatched.



A bull ripping up a skeleton of a horse—the toreros being ready to cover the bull's head with their mantles if the "brave" picador is in any danger.

was unknown. Bulls were only thrown and speared. The historian says "to kill a bull without risking his own life." Is this the art of bull-fighting?

There is an incident recorded that during a bull-fight when the bull, because he did not show enough courage and ferocity was hamstrung and slain. In the next fight, the bull-fighters despatched the bull so quickly that the Duke presiding considered it "an intolerable abuse."

It may be noted that the bulls are becoming tamer, and the art more brutal. The *art* develops, and professionals arise, and Gregory Gollo invents armour to protect the legs of the picadors.

During the Bourbon dynasty in Spain bull-fighting ceases to be the sport of the nobility and a sport accessible to all, it is disorganized, and clowns run round the bull and are hurt and the sport falls into confusion. Philip V was disgusted with bull-fighting, and only the national and traditional feeling in favour of bull-fighting prevents its suppression. But religious associations contribute to its being continued, since periodical bull-fights are now given with the purpose of collecting money for religious objects.

The dangers incurred in the spectacles owing to the limited number of fighters, their monotonous nature, and the small punishment suffered by the bulls suggested

to Romero (a famous bull-fighter) the formation of cuadrillas.

Romero also introduced other "refinements" to the detriment of the bull. The sport now falls more and more into the hands of professionals, who invent new ways of protecting the fighters and torturing the bull. And so from a simple combat between a hunter and a wild bull, a professional exhibition has now grown up.

The following are some of the suppressions of bull-fighting recorded by one writer, and, as will be seen later, they do not quite agree with other writers.

Bull-fighting was forbidden throughout Spain from 1805 to 1807. Charles IV, seeing the popular resentment, re-establishes bull-fighting on certain occasions.

Fernando VII forbids it again throughout Spain, and the historian says he "paid heed to the ridiculous representations made by the sensitive . . . pushed and forced by the influence exercised over him by his courtiers."

In 1808 bull-fights are revived in benefit of the hospitals. Joseph Napoleon allows bull-fighting.

The historian repeats the three instances of the prohibition of bull-fighting in Spain.

- (1) Queen Isabel la Católica.
- (2) Carlos III.
- (3) Fernando VI.

And he says that in each case they had to

give way to popular sentiments, for fear of a worse uproar, and he says, further, that there is nothing anti-Christian or immoral in bull-fighting because the profits are given to hospitals, religious associations, &c.!!!

Historians differ as to the origin of bull-fighting. Some say that the Romans introduced bull-fighting into Spain during their rule of that country. Other historians say that the Arabs introduced it after they had conquered the Goths and taken the peninsula.

The Romans support their contention by quotations from Garcia and Cepeda. The Arabs quote Lope, Moratin and other writers, pointing to the fact that they were not all in accord upon some points. It is contended by other writers that the Moors of Africa introduced the festival into Andalusia when they conquered that province, and we know they held bull-fights in the half-ruined Roman amphitheatres of Merida, Cordova, Tarragona, Toledo and other places, and that the Moorish chiefs very much favoured it. There was also a rivalry between the Christian and Moorish warriors, and the Kings of Castile and other princes were enthusiastic in the art they displayed in the fight.

Spanish writers protest that after reading every work upon the subject, that neither the Romans nor the Arabs introduced the bull-fight festival into Spain. They aver that the bull-fights were born in Spain, and were

entirely the work of Spaniards, and that it took root at once and has grown into perfection during the centuries in which it has been the national festival. Spaniards admit that bull-coursing, fighting and killing took place in both the Roman and Arab domination, but that the Spaniards were the first to introduce it, and they go further and say they are the only nation in the world who planned and made a reality of bull-fighting, and that this was done quite independently of either of the conquerors—Roman or Arab.

They also say that any bull-fighting which took place in Rome, or by the Arabs, was copied from Spain, but was principally unsuccessful because there were no Spaniards employed to make it a success.

There are no records of bull-fighting in Rome prior to their conquest of Spain, say the Spanish historians, and they also say that neither their circus nor amphitheatre (called Statilius Taurus) in Rome, nor those at Merida, Tarragona, Saguntum and elsewhere in Spain were intended for anything else but struggles with wild beasts and men—but not organized fights. They were more a sacrifice of the men by wild beasts as a punishment for crimes or offences, or, worse still, for following a faith at variance with the dogmas of the Empire.

There is evidence to show that bulls were among the wild beasts that were brought into the amphitheatres in Spain. There is also

evidence to show that among the hapless victims thrown into the arena there would be some with exceptional courage. They would stand up bravely to face the danger and beat off the attacks of the beasts, and in some cases would succeed in ridding themselves of their adversary, and all of these events caused great amusement to the callous onlookers. But although bulls were sometimes used, this was not bull-fighting, and again the Spanish historian lays emphasis on the fact that the origin of bull-fighting was not brought to Spain from abroad, but that it was born, took root, and grew up in Spain.

It is true also to state that the Moors had a great liking for bull-fighting, and the skill necessary in evading the charges of the bull, both on foot and on horse-back. But here again the Spanish historians point out that it was only in Spain that these fights took place, and that the performers were really Spaniards, as having regard to the fact that the Arab dominion had lasted seven hundred years, and although the inhabitants of Spain after the two first centuries were of Arabic origin they, too, were Spaniards.

Then came the wars between the Arabs and the Christians. The Christians drove back the Arabs in short stages, and regained the territory in their occupation. As a result of their success, the Christians secured considerable booty and founded wealthy houses,

in which were retained a great many servants and men-at-arms. These noblemen saw that before the Arabs left their towns under compulsion, they became very skilful in the pursuit of the chase, both on foot and mounted, and in their movements in handling the lance, and the horsemen in spearing bulls, and the unmounted men were expert in hamstringing them. They had no wish to be behind them, and continued the same practices with the same customs and desires that they had acquired by being born on the same soil. When the Spaniards made a truce with the Moors and had peace in their land, they hunted bulls together, and had their festivals in common, each one vaunting and displaying his courage and skill in circuses or enclosed places, and not now in the open, as we may presume they had done before.

The general opinion is that the first bull-festivals in enclosed grounds took place in A.D. 1100.

But it is believed that they were held some years earlier than this, and among other proofs of this statement is the record of the death of the Cid Campeador, which took place in 1098, and who during his life had speared bulls in Madrid.

Following this period the bull-fights continued with more or less success, although many men without the necessary experience, or any knowledge of the beasts, ventured on

the fights, and, as may be expected, suffered in consequence of their ignorance.

The influence of the higher clergy was now beginning to make itself felt on the Roman Catholic peoples. They forbade the tournaments as the toll of human life was so heavy, but as a natural result of this the bull-fights increased.

There were few towns in Spain, and especially in Castile, Arragon and Navarre, that were without the bull-fight.

And also Andalusia, and within it especially the Kingdoms of Seville and Granada, which were passionately fond of the bull-fight.

Bull-fights were celebrated upon any auspicious occasion, or any ceremony shown by magnates to other magnates, and upon all such occasions it was customary to arrange for a bull-fight, at which first the lords and then the commoners fought. It was at this time that the Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar so dazzled the onlookers at a festival that his skill in killing a bull with his lance was later sung in inimitable verses which became so popular that there were few who did not know them.

In spite of the many disasters which happened at the bull-fights, the love and enthusiasm for them continued to grow, and even foreigners tried to establish them. In Italy, in Rome itself, there was bull-fighting from the year 1300 onwards, and as Rome was always great in anything she took in hand, so

it held in the year 1332 a great bull-festival in an enclosed circus.

Those taking part in this great bull-fight were ignorant of the rules of the game, and the beasts were particularly fierce—which was of course necessary for correctly staging so great a festival—and which ended in a horrible catastrophe.

No less than nineteen Roman knights, as well as many plebeians, died on the bulls' horns, and in addition to this many were wounded.

And here again the Spanish historian offers a little cold sympathy to the poor Italians, who thought that in order to be considered manly they had adopted the most manly and brave sport, but they did not reflect that to play the bulls it is necessary to have been born and reared in Spain.

Bull-fights in Italy were immediately prohibited as a result of this catastrophe, and no further fights took place outside Spain until many years later, when they were held by Spaniards after they had taken Flanders and the Netherlands.

But in Spain they continued to grow, and with ever-increasing enthusiasm.

Many times during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, upon the bull being pressed, he would bring down the horse and either wound or kill it. The rider had, for his own protection, to follow the custom then prevail-

ing and draw his sword and kill the bull on foot without mounting another horse.

There were already professionals at that time who, for a sum of money or for wages, helped in placing the bulls in the bull-fights, and which were the exclusive inheritance of the nobles. These are the men to whom the laws undoubtedly refer in which they were held to be disgraced if they fought wild beasts for money.

The great Roman Catholic queen, Doña Isabel I, before A.D. 1500, witnessed a bull-fight. According to custom in those days the fight consisted of a band of mounted and unmounted men who were without knowledge, order, or practice of any kind, and falls and accidents were numerous, and the Queen showed a great dislike for the festival, and would have liked to forbid its continuance.

It was thought by the Spaniards of those days that she had too high views to appreciate the hold that the fights had upon the populace, and she kept her opinions to herself. Later, she understood that all the knights and people were enthusiastic for their national festival, and, furthermore, that it would be very dangerous for her to attempt to take this from them. She needed all the elements of strength she could command to go forward with her conquest of territory for widening her kingdoms.

Her main purpose was successful, as she was powerful enough to decree and carry out the expulsion of the Moors and Jews from Spain, but she did not forbid bull-fighting.

She wrote to her confessor in 1493, in which she very clearly said that she considered it unwise for her to have attempted to carry out her wish in forbidding the bull-fight.

But in the letter she declares that she had resolved not to witness a bull-fight again in her life-time, nor to have anything to do with them, and she added, "And I do not say forbid them, since this would not be for me single-handed," and by this she meant to convey that her will would not have been sufficient for its suppression.

Bull-fights in Spain therefore continued with enthusiasm, in spite of the threats of excommunication by the ecclesiastical powers.

As these severe warnings were insufficient, Pope Pius V, in his Bull of November 20, 1567, in which he repeated earlier prohibitions, laid the penalty of Greater Excommunication on those Christian princes who would allow such festivals in their dominions, and on those ecclesiastics who should go to see them, and on all who would allow them, and also on all the fighters, and these latter were to be deprived of Christian burial if they died while engaged in bull-fighting.

But these Decrees and Bulls of the Pope were useless, as the love of the bull-fight was so

deeply rooted that princes, nobles, authorities and plebeians not only tolerated the fights, but also took part in them.

As the fresh prohibitions were uttered by a prelate of the Church, so it was answered by the grandees and people with fresh fights. To be deprived of anything creates a greater desire for it, and the fights became so frequent that not even the secular clergy gave any heed to these regulations. It was pronounced by the masters of theology in Salamanca that clerics, even if of high degree, should be taught that they could lawfully look on bull-fights.

These fights, therefore, continued to spread throughout Spain, and so much so that the Emperor Charles V, who was neither born nor bred in Spain, took part in them with the nobility, and when his son Philip was born he killed a bull with his spear in the Plaza Mayor at Valladolid.

All of his successors authorized and gave their consent for bull-fights, although some of them showed an intention of suppressing them, and there are on record a few ordinances to this effect, but none accomplished it.

The love of the people for bull-fighting had already shown a source of profit for private interests, and in consequence many private persons asked and obtained privileges from the monarchs to hold displays in enclosed places, and the earliest of which I have been able to trace bears the date of February 27, 1612. King

Philip III granted the privilege for three lives in favour of Ascanio Manchino of the income from the bull-rings in the city of Valencia, a privilege which was then sold more and more frequently by those who came after what we might call the *Empresario*, or undertaker.

Important persons did not disdain to be an *Empresario*, or at least to play the part.

D. Felipe de Salas, High Chancellor and registrar to the Royal Council of the Indies, and D. Martin de la Bagrén, accountant to the Marquis de Tavera, then Viceroy and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Valencia, were successively holders by purchase of the aforesaid privilege, which ran out in 1647.

But long before this date, on December 9, 1625, the King granted to the Hospital of Valencia for twenty years the said privilege, when the three lives for which it had been bestowed should have come to an end.

It is certain that in Chapter 198 of the record of the Cortes at Monzon, held in 1626, we read that the deputies made the proposal that this royal privilege granted to the Hospital for twenty years should be granted in perpetuity; and that in answer to this petition it was decreed that "His Majesty has been pleased to extend the said grant to the Hospital for another twenty years."

In Valencia, as in all other provinces, it is beyond doubt that there were already privileges which in some cases were bought from

the royal prerogative, and others granted as a favour for the exploitation of the profits given by these festivals.

It is easy to understand that private interests had to seek attractions which the festivals had not had before so as to call attention to them.

They increased greatly in the time of Philip IV, who several times piked (*rejón*) and speared bulls from horse-back; and in his days and those of Charles II these festivals reached an extraordinary state of splendour and lustre.

No knight was regarded as such unless he was a piker (*rejón* = short pike or javelin) of bulls, who rode into the ring to break a couple of spears in homage to his King, or his lady.

Books were written in those days, and even earlier, giving rules for bull-fighting on horse-back, and these taught how to become accustomed to the sport; and to the *Espinillera*, that is, the iron harness which is called *mona* to-day, and was invented and is used to cover the leg.

When Philip V came to the throne he had little liking for this kind of festival, and the grandees of his court gradually gave them up so as not to displease him, and because their riding art was obscured by plebeian horsemen or, at any rate, by showy small noblemen.

But the sons of the people took to bull-fighting, both on foot and on horse-back, and they took over the ring which was opened to

them, and saw what the nobles had done, and they read what had already been written giving the rules for fighting, and from then onwards what the spectacle lost in distinction it won in skill, says the Spanish historian.

In many of the leading towns trained men came forward to fight the bulls, men who by their deeds of skill charmed the onlookers. They played with the cloak, stuck in the javelins (*rejón*) on foot, and which they called harpoons, and which were like the dart (*banderilla*) as now used.

They also put plasters on the bull; and by all this they showed that this could be an art, which up till then had been known only as an entertainment without fixed rules.

Fernando VI was not content with making enclosed rings and the surroundings needed for bull-fights; but, wishing to deprive all timid consciences of any pretext of speaking afterwards in a religious sense against the fights, he applied to the Holy See. In the first place he represented how the Bulls and Briefs forbidding them were left unheeded; and in the second place, that owing to the skill of the bull-fighters any danger there might be in the fights was negligible, and in the third place, that the hospitals and charitable houses would gain much from the contributions they would receive from the profits of these festivals.

The Roman Curia being convinced by these arguments, and probably influenced by others

also, the authorization was granted for bull-fighting, but it was laid down that they were on no account to be held on feast days, and that precautions should be taken against any danger, injury or death.

The Roman Curia could do no more than sing a palinode and grant what it had before refused. For this refusal had had no other use than to give the scandal of disobedience by a whole people, high and low, noble and plebeian, and even by clerics and monks.

By this course the Curia said that the festival was to be tolerated because it had noticed that the censures made so as to stop it had been of no use in these kingdoms, and that far from being beneficial, they had been prejudicial, becoming a matter of scandal.

From this time the aspect of the bull-fight has wholly changed. The Spanish historian says it has been a spectacle which has always been perfecting itself, and of which it seems impossible to go any further.

There were few bull-rings before the introduction of railways, but since their advent the bull-ring has increased very much, and the number now is said to be about 250, and every city, and also town of any importance, has its bull-ring. They are built in the form of the Roman circus, and with an oval open arena covered with sand and surrounded by a six-foot stout fence. Every bull-ring has its chapel where the Holy Eucharist is administered to

the bull-fighters, and there is also a hospital. Not less than fifteen hundred bulls and six thousand horses are estimated to be killed in the ring yearly.

As we have seen, in the fifteenth century, in the days of chivalry, both royalty and nobility entered the ring, and the bull-fight at that time was on horse-back, and was called *rejóneo*—which was taken from the word *rejón*, meaning a lance, and this was a long weapon which was used to spear the bull, and gentlemen on foot also attacked the bull with lances.

At that time horses were not torn to pieces by the bull, only to be sewn up and brought back to the ring for a repetition of the goring, and to be still again roughly sewn up and kept another week or longer in excruciating agony, if the poor horse was able still to stand upon its legs, to receive further mangling from the bull.

Is this what the Spanish historian means by "perfecting itself," and of which it seems impossible to go any further . . . in barbarous cruelty?

In those times the kings (King Charles V and King Sebastian of Portugal) were *rejoneadores*.

When these contests took place, a nobleman would enter into combat with the bull, and many noblemen were killed.

Shelley, in his "Letters from Spain," records the death of the brother of Count d'Arcos, who was by his King's side when he was thrown



The bull's horns are planted deeply into the abdomen of the horse—which is lifted off its feet. The horse in the middle is the one referred to as "a grey gelding," and the third horse is the one which returned to the stables for half an hour.



The banderillas de fuego have been inserted in this bull—the gunpowder is exploding like so many squibs—burning the bull all over its back, apart from the wounds made by the darts. A bull upon which these are used is called a coward by the "brave" actors.



See the banderillas in the bull -which is getting weaker after killing the horses, and now is being baited by the toreros. The dead horses are on the other side of the ring.



The bull is being despatched with a puntillo. The dead horses are on the other side of the ring.

and being gored by the bull, when the brother scaled the barrier and killed the bull.

The fights then took place in public squares, and nearly all the houses had balconies, and the visitors to the fight would be many times the number of the occupants of the houses. The permanent population of the square had no right to their own houses during the fête, which right belonged to the King to allow whom he chose to occupy them.

In the square wooden stands were erected for the public, which revenue went to the municipality.

The fêtes were commanded at will after a notice of only two or three days for preparation.

Royalty took their seats on a balcony surrounded by their suite, the ambassadors across the square facing the King, who ten minutes after his arrival waved his handkerchief as a sign for the square to be cleared, and after the guards had done this it was sprinkled with water. The toreadors entered on fine horses followed by servants in rich livery.

The former had a sabre at their side, and a rejón in their hand (the rejón, a pike-like wooden pole), and the latter had several sabres.

They paraded the arena, and the two who were to fight the bull remained with a number of attendants and four algonsils, who would give the command to take out the dead bulls, or to give toreadors their horses in place of

those wounded. When everything was ready, the Duke who accompanied the King threw the key of the toril to the first algonsil, who rode quickly to let the bulls into the square during the sounding of trumpets.

The bulls rush in with vigour as it appears, but they have been well pricked with irons to make them furious.

If they were cool and did not show vigour, the attendants whistled and roared at them, and teased them and drove them towards their masters, who speared them with a rejón between the horns, and most of them missed the place aimed at; but if it was successful the shaft would remain in the hand, with the iron point of the spear fixed in the bull, which often received half a dozen stabs before succumbing.

The proper way to fight was to ride slowly towards the bull and, passing by its side, stick the rejón in the fatal spot, and then gallop past the bull.

A toreador who killed a bull with a single stroke received much praise, especially from the ladies, who greeted him with *vitor*.

The man who opened the toril covered himself behind it and climbed to the top.

As soon as the bull was dead the rabble rushed into the square, and a thousand swords were thrust into it.

The algonsil then had it drawn out by galloping mules.

If a bull passed near the stands there were

always a thousand willing hands to stab the poor beast, and as many eager aspirants for portions of its tail after the fray.

Bull-fights were held on Saints days, and especially on Corpus Christi day, and also on Sundays, and some cities petitioned for bull-fights "to encourage the worship of God."

One town that escaped the plague gave four bulls a year, which were to be killed "for the love of God," and in another town the goad of the picador was solemnly blessed before being used for its horrid work..

Between the different channels of the Guadalquivir River below Seville lie the islands of Isla Mayor and Isla Menor, and which contain the extensive plains of Las Cabezas and Lebrija, and the principal herds of bulls are bred here.

The Miura and Muruve herds are to be found on the adjacent Vegas of Utrera, and are noted for their ferocity. Fighting bulls are also bred in many parts of the country as well as in the Seville area. Bulls are kept separate from the cows, and each calf is entered in a register at its birth and given a name, and branded when a year old. At the age of two years with some, and three years with others, they are tried for their courage, and according to the opinion of their owners are classed as "courageous" or "cowardly." The former continue in their pastures until wanted for the bull-ring at four or five years of age; the latter go to the butcher, or are sold for work on the farm, or the road.

Some bulls fight very savagely together, and which will be witnessed by the entire herd, who are ready to drive out the fallen, as I have also shown with the elephant, buffalo, and other animals in "Big Game and Big Life."¹ Bulls have their leader of the herd, just as is the case with other animals, and there comes the day when its supremacy is challenged by a stronger bull and overthrown. Sometimes a leader is a tyrant, and then some half a dozen will join forces and kill him.

When a purchaser of bulls for the ring visits a herd, he will ride through the enclosures and select such bulls as he fancies. The stockmen, with the aid of decoy cattle, drive them into a separate enclosure and afterwards take them in short stages to where they are wanted.

The equipment for an ordinary bull-fight would be six bulls, and any number of horses up to thirty-six.

Two, and sometimes three, espadas, or matadors, kill the bulls alternately. Each espada has his cuadrilla, consisting of four men, known as banderilleros, and two horsemen called picadors, and each espada is responsible for the due performance of the duties required of his party. The senior espada kills the first bull, and is responsible for the management of the details of the bull-ring, and his followers obey him, but the

¹ "Big Game and Big Life." Published by John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson. This will soon be out of print.

President—either the Civil Governor or the Mayor—presides over the whole assembly. The President effects the changes during the performance, and uses a white handkerchief as a sign of favour, and a red one as a sign of disfavour. His balcony is placed immediately facing the gate from which the whole of the performers enter and parade the ring before the performance starts.

Seville is the home of the bull-fight, and the first big fights of the season usually take place there.

The Seville bull-ring has seating capacity for 11,000 persons, and the building, which is of stone, was commenced in 1760 and finished in 1881.

The first important event of the taurine year is the Seville Easter bull-fight.

The leading Espada would be engaged here, and he would probably have a long list of engagements booked for the season, when he would go from place to place throughout the country and refuse many engagements which he was unable to accept.

A leading torero would have a very large number of friends who make him an idol, and all enthusiasts of the bull-ring like to belong to such banderia and to share in his glory.

As he goes about the country from one bull-ring to another, his admirers await his arrival, and his hotel is often full of waiting enthusiasts besieging him with expressions of praise, and

at the same time requests for tickets to go as his guest to see his skill in the bull-ring. He is requested to be godfather to many children, whose future the parents think is certain of success through the relationship with such a hero.

The newspaper boys take off their hats and acclaim the hero, the cabmen and others show the same enthusiasm.

Often he is so besieged in the hotels by the needy, who come to glorify him, that he empties his pockets of the coins he has to get relief from them.

Then various callers press upon him whom he may have seen only once in some other town, and he has to pretend to know them all at sight and ask the customary questions about the health and welfare of all their people.

When a torero is raised to the exalted position or rank of Espada, or Matador, he has privileges not enjoyed by the ordinary torero, and he chooses the order in which he will appear in the ring.

There are certain papers which record the bull-fights and fighters, and these would specially announce all the movements and successes of the various toreros.

The Espada would receive a very much higher fee if he had to fight bulls from certain herds which were held to be fierce, as, for example, the Miura bulls.

A doctor is engaged at the big bull-rings to

attend to any who are wounded, and also to sign the official documents relating to all accidents.

The fighters are most particular in their dress and their toilet for the ring. The hair is profusely covered with brilliantine and brushed into cow-licks or love-locks over the forehead and temples, and scent is also freely used, and the sacred pig-tail is affixed and which hangs down the back uncovered.

The Espada will divest himself of all his clothing except his silk vest and pants, and then his valet will begin with his feet, inserting pieces of cotton-wool between the toes of his master, after which he would cover the soles and upper part of the feet with the same and bandage them with folds of linen, which ends are sewed together.

Stockings reaching to the thigh are then put on, and which are stout and flexible like gaiters and support the leg, and over which are put the silk stockings of the costume worn for fighting, and a pair of slippers with white soles complete the footwear.

Next would come the snuff-coloured silk breeches, the seams of which are heavy with gold, and also thick gold-tasselled cords with which the breeches are tightened below the knee, and of which the gold tassels are alone visible after lacing.

A frilled and pleated cambric shirt is next put on, and a long cravat of red which reaches to the waistband of the breeches.

Then the most important garment—the sash—has to be fixed, and requires an experienced hand in its adjustment.

The Espada will go to the far end of the room and fasten one end of the sash to his belt.

He will then approach his servant at the other end of his dressing-room by a succession of slow revolutions, the servant seeing that the folds are regular, and which he regulates by rapid movements of his hands until the sash is adjusted to the figure of the Espada without wrinkles, and looking as if it were one fold only.

The whole dress is as if one garment alone were being worn, and it would be impossible for the clothes to be removed without scissors and the help of a servant.

A gold-laced waistcoat is worn over the sash, and then a little jacket covered with glittering braid.

These are completely covered by the heavy cape embroidered with flowers in gold and coloured stones, and the epaulettes with heavy gold braid and hanging strips of gold to the edges of the cape, which have two pockets edged with gold and containing silk handkerchiefs like the red scarf and cravat.

The fighting cap is black, with a curled edge and two tassels.

In addition to this there is the “walking” cloak, which is a princely mantle of silk of the same colour and heavily laden with gold

embroidery, and which is usually thrown over one shoulder.

The Espada then awaits the arrival of the carriage containing his "cuadrilla," and there is usually a crowd outside who greet him upon his coming into view, and expressions of "Good luck," &c., are heard on all sides as the carriage drawn by smart mules dressed with tinkling bells drives away.

In the carriage there would be three toreros dressed in clothes of a brilliant colour as richly embroidered as the master's, but in silver instead of gold.

The toreros often suffer from nerves, and as the time approaches for the fight they become more troubled in their mind. They are superstitious of references made to past accidents, of men in mourning speaking to them, and many such absurdities, or the fear from bulls of a certain herd which have claimed many victims, and in fighting which they would not clothe in red, as they would with other bulls, but in blue, green or brown. This fear often increases when dressing for or driving to the fight, and sometimes assumes a very pronounced type. They are moody, nervy, jumpy; one minute stolid and again the next very nervy.

In April the bulls are generally at their best after leaving the fresh pastures, and this is the time the toreros are out of training, as there are no fights in the winter.

At Seville, in 1926, the toreros were afraid to meet the bulls, which were on the wild side, like some of the bulls sent to Spain from Scotland, and which sent the toreros scattering to the shelter of the barriers.

So little pluck was shown by the toreros on one occasion, that one of the late employees of the ring jumped in and fought the bull.

As the Espada and his "cuadrilla" are on their way to the bull-ring they are cheered by enthusiasts with many expressions of "Hurrah for our brave men. Hurrah for Spain," and many hats are taken off and waved as the tinkle of the bells is heard and all eyes are turned towards them.

There is always a long line of carriages and cars heading for the Plaza de Toro, apart from tram-cars and 'buses, and ancient waggonettes drawn by ancient and worn-out mules or horses encircled with tinkling bells.

Newsboys are shouting the contents of their sheets with the pedigrees of the bulls in the day's fight, and also of the merits of the bull-fighters.

Then come the Municipal Guard, and in the midst are the gaily dressed picadors mounted upon their poor worn-out horses which are shortly to be mutilated. They wear gold-embroidered jackets and broad beaver hats, with heavy tassels as cockades, and their legs are encased in yellow cloth. The greatest possible brilliance in costume and accoutrements is aimed at.

The picador uses the high-backed Moorish saddle, and behind him sits the small boy who has brought his master's horse to his house from the stables of the bull-ring.

Upon the arrival of the Espada and his cuadrilla at the bull-ring there is again a crowd of enthusiasts who surround them, and many expressions of good-will and hurrahs are heard as his name is mentioned by one after another as he passes in.

Their carriage drives to the stable gate, which leads to the stables and cattle-pens, and between the actual bull-ring and the outside wall of the building is an extensive enclosure, which is generally full of people awaiting the arrival of the toreros before they take their seats in the ring. The mounted picadors are also here, and the alguazils in their seventeenth-century costumes.

The toreros pass through into a chapel where lights are burning on the altar table, and where many have gathered to see and be near the chief idol of the day—who gets all the praise, although the picadors and banderilleros all share in the risks of the ring.

Their prayers ended, they pass on to the outside of the horse gate, and under an archway which opens to the ring the toreros take up their positions in which the masters (Espadas) are in front, abreast, and behind them come the cuadrillas, and in the rear the picadors in couples on their starved and worn-

out horses, which are bandaged over the right eye so that they cannot see the bull's charge, and their ears stopped and tied tightly with string so that they cannot hear the approach of the bull.

Behind these again are fine teams each of three mules or horses (accompanied by grooms) with trappings of tassels and bells, and which drag out the dead bulls, and the dead or dying horses.

The alguazils, who dress in black cloaks and flat caps, which are surmounted by red and yellow feathers, go through the ancient form of riding across the ring to ask the President for the key of the toril, which is thrown from the President's box, and as the alguazil retires with the key all is ready for the performance to begin.

The doors of the archway leading to the arena being thrown open, the procession goes forward into the presence of, say, anything up to fourteen thousand persons, according to the ring.

Music accompanies the march in, and also many cheers are raised.

The two or three Espadas who are appearing will have their groups of friends in certain parts of the ring, and with these the Espada leaves his gala cloak, and which is displayed as would be a banner.

The toreros salute the President before the train breaks up and go to their different stations.

There are three divisions of the fight and which are ordered by the sounding of the trumpet. Firstly, the *suerte de picar*, or the division of lancing. Secondly, the *banderilleros*, who stand, say, twenty yards from the bull, and draw its attention to them by various antics, and, as the bull charges, insert the barbed darts which are ornamented with coloured paper. Thirdly, the *suerte de matár*, or killing the bull, and which rests with the *Espada* alone, the assistants being present in case of emergency, or to shift the bull to where he is wanted in the ring. The *Espada* stands before the box of the President, and holding up in his left hand his sword and *muleta*, and in his right hand his hat, he then dedicates (*brinde*) the bull to the President, or to someone else, and casting his hat behind his back he stands bare-headed and kills the bull.

The *Espada* is armed with a sword (*estoque*) with a heavy flat blade, and with his *muleta*, which is a small, red silk flag attached to a short stick, he plays the bull to get it into the position he requires, and then tries to kill with one sword thrust through the back of the neck close to the head and down into the heart. It requires a very straight eye and much practice to do this, and I have seen many thrusts in vain.

The *Espada* is really half-running (*á volapié*) when he lunges forward to deliver this thrust. If many thrusts are made the President orders

a coup de grâce, and a banderillero will give this with a puntillo which pierces the spinal cord. These are the three divisions of the fight—which we are now to see.

With a flourish of trumpets the first bull rushes out, and now every eye is glued on the performers. The bull is maddened by all he sees and hears, and hardly knows which to attack first.

The patrons of tauromachy say that so long as a torero keeps to the rules of the game, and does not attempt to gain additional applause or promotion by acts of too venturesome a character he will not meet with misfortune.

This would appear to be correct, for with the proper manipulation of the working cloak the torero is safe providing he does not lose his nerve, and he could continue to play the bull for an hour without being scratched, as the bull is all the time only goring the cloak, and after becoming accustomed to its surroundings for some time could be hand-fed and haltered and led back to its pen.

But this is not what the bull-ring is for, as it is blood and cruelty that is wanted.

The bull is lured near to the picador, who thrusts his puya—a pole which is shod with an inch and a half of steel—into the bull's shoulders, and this, together with the teasing of the toreros, causes the bull to charge the horse, and which he does with terrific force, driving its sharp horns right into the horse's

belly—unless it catches the joints, in which case it dislocates them or breaks a limb, as well as tearing out some of the entrails.

As many as six weak, emaciated horses would, if necessary, be used in this way to tire the bull before he is played by the toreros.

The Espada then plays the bull with his cape, which is waved near to the muzzle of the bull, and as the bull charges, the Espada by low passes and high passes keeps himself clear of the range of the bull's horns.

The banderilleros now insert the darts—two and a half feet long—into the withers of the bull, and as these darts swing about with the movements of the bull they are tearing the live flesh and causing much pain.

As many as eight of these banderillas will be inserted in the bull, which has been attacked by many from the moment he entered the ring, and often pierced with the steel-pointed pole of the picador.

At the end of each dart is a short, sharp barb which pierces the skin, and these darts are planted, one from each hand, between the shoulder-blades, as close together as possible when the bull lowers his head to charge. When the bull smarts from the insertion of the first pair of darts, he rushes in his pain from side to side, and this makes it easier to insert the second pair. And so on until four pairs of darts are inserted in the bull. It has been usual for the Espada to fix the darts in the fifth bull,

which is the pick of the six, and, as the Spanish proverb says, "The fifth is ever good."

I have seen bulls hesitate as if wishing to avoid an attack upon the poor horses, until driven frantic by the barbarous cruelty of their tormentors.

Bulls come from quiet farms and surroundings, and are conveyed to the arenas in boxes, and there kept in darkness before being let out into the arena with streamers of the colours of the breeder hooked into its flesh with an iron pin, and well pricked as it leaves its box.

Here it is amazed and frightened to find itself surrounded by thousands of people, and amid much noise is teased, tormented and tortured.

If he does not show fight he is called a coward by the audience, who call upon the President to order fire, fire! or *banderillas de fuego*, fire-darts, to be stuck into him. The President gives the order by waving a red handkerchief.

These darts are like so many squibs exploding on the bull's back, practically roasting the animal alive, and some of the burning material even going into the eyes of the bull, which rushes wildly about as the detonations continue to alarm him. After the explosions cease the back and neck and face are charred and covered with bubbles of grease, and the poor beast is well-nigh exhausted, and may probably remain motionless in his agony with the burning cinders on his back and face.



After the bull is killed it is drawn out of the ring by galloping mules or horses, and also each dead (or dying) horse, one at a time, as shown in the photograph.

But this will not please the audience, as they want to see the bull active again, and so another dart-sticker thrusts another pair of fire-darts into the bleeding and scorched flesh, and again the reports are heard, and each explosion means another shower of burning gunpowder and cinders on the bull, who is to have more roasting.

The bull rushes frantically round the ring and tries again to re-enter his pen or to jump the barrier, but there are always willing hands there to strike him, although sometimes bulls have succeeded in scaling the barrier, and then the "courageous" crowd soon scatter. Again the bull waits, not knowing what new scare he is about to witness, and while doing so his nose instinctively goes down to the sand in the ring, and which reeks with the blood of his brother who has just been horribly tortured in the same way:

The bull has now attacked and mutilated three horses, and has been pierced many times and blood has been pouring from many wounds, and he hangs his head and his dry red tongue hangs out as he pants and awaits the end.

The Espada then takes the muleta from his servant, who also hands him a sword, and he may invite the bull to attack again by stamping his foot close up to the bull and passing the muleta over the horns.

He awaits the sound of the signal to kill,

and with his sword and muleta he approaches the bull and, raising his hand to the level of his eyes, thrusts the sword into the back of the neck between the shoulders.

If the rachidian bulb between the cervical vertebræ is pierced (this is a spot just in front of the withers and only a few inches in size) the bull would be killed, but many thrusts are often made before this happens. I have seen sword after sword thrust into the bull, and which he may shake out, or which may be pulled out by the toreros drawing their cloaks across the hilt to pull it out.

Before proceeding to kill, the maestro proposes a toast in which he dedicates the bull to the President, or someone else of his choice.

The bull will sometimes fall and rise again and totter in his weakness before finally lying down to die completely exhausted.

Sometimes the end is hastened by the use of a puntillo, which is a stout dagger about fifteen inches long. After the bull is killed and drawn out, the ring is raked over by the attendants and the next bull is let in, and the spectacle starts over again.

After a favourite Espada has played and despatched a bull in such a way as to please the audience, a great ovation awaits him.

Hats are thrown into the ring and arms and handkerchiefs are waved frantically, and his name is on everyone's lips, and together with the music there is a great din, and the Espada

salutes the President, who may award him the bull's ear.

At the close, the ring is full of enthusiasts who struggle for mementoes of the fight, and the Espada is carried shoulder high by his followers.

The time occupied by each bull is twenty minutes, and six bulls are killed at each performance, which occupies two hours.

If six horses were used to tire a bull, it would mean that thirty-six horses would be mutilated in an afternoon of so-called sport!

The horses are really thrust on to the horns of the bull, and in Seville alone, during 1923, no less than 227 horses were mangled to death.

The Spaniards are kind to all excepting animals, and their cruelty to these dumb creatures is almost unbelievable. You will see men and boys, when waiting for the bull-fight to begin, amuse themselves by whipping the poor spiritless horses. The Espada is so well paid for his cruelties that he can retire with a very comfortable income, and his funeral is sometimes as grand a spectacle as that of a premier.

The horse does not engage one thought of pity from the thousands of spectators to the bull-ring, who for two hours at a performance will witness the most revolting cruelty.

The cruelty to the bull is bad enough, but the bull is vigorous, well-fed, and in perfect health, and the cruelty lasts from, say, ten to

twenty minutes, and, furthermore, the bull is not the highly-strung and nervous creature which is the case with the horse, and the bull, moreover, is heated during its torture.

Contrast this with the horse which, from the day it is foaled, looks to its master for guidance, and learns obedience in its early days.

The horse used in the bull-ring is worn out, has had a hard life, in late if not in its early years, is suffering from its infirmities and is very poorly fed, and has no spirit left.

It is fed on hay and water, and is packed so tightly in the stalls that it is unable to lie down, and very little attention is paid to it as it has only cost a few pesetas, and all that is required of it is to carry the weight of a heavy picador seated on a heavy saddle while strong bulls charge it with all the force of which an infuriated bull is capable, not once, but again and again, as the bulls are required to spend their strength on tearing the horse so that the toreros do not even get scratched by the bulls.

The poor horse comes into the ring in pain to start with—its vocal cords have been brutally cut so that it cannot even get the relief of a scream or a sigh. Its right eye, which is turned towards the bull, is bandaged so that it cannot see the approach of the bull, and the ears are stopped and tightly tied with string so that it cannot hear.

Suddenly the poor beast is violently charged,

and the sharp horns of the bull pierce its shoulder, fracturing the shoulder-blade and causing great pain; but never mind, it is still on its feet and so able to carry on its work. But it is now apprehensive of danger, and so fear adds to its tortures.

It is again placed in position for the bull, which is enticed to charge again, and in doing so throws the horse on its side, and the picador falls away from the bull, the horse lying between the two.

The toreros rush in at once to protect the picador from any harm by drawing off the bull, while others help the picador to rise.

But the horse, what of him? He is soon thrashed on to his feet again, with every sort of cruelty to induce him to do so without delay, as precious time is being wasted, and if necessary his tail will be violently twisted, and he will be well flogged and kicked on to his feet.

It is not long before he is in action again, but it is evident that the shoulder is dislocated, as it is with difficulty that the poor lame form of a horse which entered the ring a few minutes ago is now only able with difficulty to put one foreleg before the other.

But never mind, he is able to stand upon his legs and carry the weight of the saddle and picador, and so the few pesetas paid for him are not yet spent.

In fear and trembling the poor beast is again

put in position for the bull, who is still strong and vigorous enough for a violent charge.

In a few minutes the horns of the bull are deeply implanted into the belly of the horse, and in withdrawing them the entrails (as usual) are pulled out and hang almost to the ground.

What a nuisance! that wretched horse must be stitched up before we can use him again, or else he will be treading on his entrails and pulling them all out, so that he will be unable to take another charge.

And so the horse is ridden out to one of the torture chambers and roughly stitched up, after a lot of coarse tow is put in the rent to hold back the entrails, while another horse is taking his place and going through the same tortures in the ring.

After an interval of perhaps half an hour the first horse with great difficulty limps into the ring again, and you can see its swollen sides where the entrails have been pushed back and covered by tow and the skin sewn up.

Sometimes a wisp of straw has been inserted into the rent and the horse still kept in the ring for the next few charges, and sometimes a horse will tread upon its hanging entrails until the greater part are pulled out.

The horse now is more terrified than ever, and constantly pricks its ears forward and tries to listen for the whereabouts of the bull, but the string is tightly circled round the ears and

the bandage kept over the eye towards the bull, and so it awaits its next torture.

It does not wait long, for the bull is drawn towards it and then well pricked with the puya point, and soon again thrusts its horns into the poor suffering horse. This bull (being the third) has caught the horse in the hind-quarters and torn the gaskin and the flank, and again thrown the horse on its side, and while on the ground the bull again plunges its horns deeply into the abdomen and brings out some more entrails, under the belly and not in the side, as with the previous opening.

What a nuisance again! He must go back and be stitched up a second time.

About half an hour later this poor wreck managed, under great difficulty and with many blows, to again enter the ring, and there was another swelling visible, this time under the belly, where the entrails had been replaced and covered with tow and sewn up.

But the horse was hardly able to put one leg before the other, and time would have been wasted in getting him into position, and amid the shouts of a few close at hand the wreck was taken out of the ring.

Was he killed, or was he kept to see if he could sufficiently recover during the week to be used in the next week's fight?

My opinion of this horse when he first entered the ring was that he had been in the previous week's fight, and that his acute lameness was due to the charge of a bull.

He was very nervous upon entering, and it was with difficulty that he was thrashed into the ring, and he tried to look and listen at what was approaching him from the moment he entered. Think of the intense suffering of this faithful animal during the two periods of about twelve minutes each during which I witnessed its tortures in the ring.

Some of the horses almost fell when they were mounted by the picadors, and in some cases I could see this was through the condition of their backs, which were raw open wounds full of festering sores, and upon which a rough and dirty saddle is placed, and then a heavy man of some fourteen or fifteen stone would drop into the saddle like a lump of lead.

The peones are by their side, and with their sticks thrash the horses into position, and I have seen a peon rain so many blows upon the coronet of a horse with a hard stick to drive him forward that the horse was lamed.

I have seen the skeleton of a horse tossed into the air by a bull and fall with its thin neck bent under its body and out of sight, and this poor wreck was soon thrashed on to its feet again, and a few minutes later another violent charge from the fresh and heavy bull shattered its shoulder-blade and also broke its off fore-leg, which swung from its body.

I have seen broken horses pierced through to the bladder, with the urine leaking from it after it had been again charged and battered by a bull.

I have had the good fortune to see a horse pierced through to the heart at the first charge, and the gush of blood so great that the horse collapsed before reaching the other side of the ring, and how I wished every horse there could have been put out of its misery as quickly!

You can see as many as half a dozen horses lying around the ring, either dead or dying, covered with sacking, ready to be drawn out of the ring by a team of mules or horses after the bull has been killed.

I could record many more similar barbarous acts of cruelty to the horses, but the illustrations given are sufficient to show what has been taking place for all these long years.

The suffering of the horse does not engage even a thought of pity, and it matters not how many horses are killed, or how they suffer, so long as the men are not touched.

Many women have attended bull-fights for years, and will tell you they have never seen the hanging entrails, because they will not look at the horse.

The entrails are torn out at every fight, but these spectators watch only the "brave" men and the "wild" bull.

These women will tell you that they would distrust people who are fond of animals, as they are wasting love which should only be given to "humans"!

Spaniards traditionally hate the very name of the Moors, and so compare the activities of the

English against their cruelties as Moorish, inasmuch as we endeavour to protect the horse and not the toreros.

As the bull-fight has had a premier position in the affections of the masses in Spain, from the highest to the lowest, for centuries, it is one of the hardest relics of a barbarous age which is left for humane people to right.

But the reason why endeavours in the past have not been successful is because those efforts have not been firm enough, nor has there been any penalty attached to them.

Spain claims the oldest civilization in western Europe, and yet it has as its principal amusement under the name of "sport" one of the darkest blots upon Europe to-day, and the very mention of the bull-ring is an insult to the name of "sport."

You will now hear, both in Spain and out of Spain, the absurd statement that football has practically killed the bull-fight.

This is not true, and so do not believe it, even if told to you by people who may have paid a visit to Spain.

Another feature to guard against is to shut your eyes to the awful cruelty, and to say it is too shocking to repeat.

Surely if any torture is too shocking to talk about, it is too awful to endure.

Instead of adopting this attitude, let everyone know the naked truth, even if they suffer as I have had to suffer to get my photos and

information. Such love have I for a horse that I have spent a whole night sick (up and down) as if I had been poisoned after seeing the horrors of the bull-ring, and day after day my thoughts have been with the mutilated horses which were kept alive to be torn again the following week.

And remember the cruelties have increased since the opening of the fifteenth century, and in few cases can this be recorded with the growth of civilization.

Mazzantini, who was born in 1856, was twenty-two years in the bull-ring, and killed over 3,000 bulls, and was only wounded eight times.

When you think of a man's off-days, fears, sick days, risks on special gala days and before special people, carelessness of others, exceptional bulls, exceptional weather, and all other factors to be dealt with over a period of twenty-two years, you can imagine that the risk is not very great for the toreros.

As an illustration of the cruelty to animals in Spain, I will give a sample of what I witnessed in Toledo in 1925.

I was visiting an old building where tortures were administered during the Inquisition, one being that prisoners were built into a brick wall, so that they could not move a muscle, while the dripping of water on the head took place, until eventually each drip was like a sledge-hammer descending upon the brain.

This building is now used as a stable, and the various old cells were loathsome and filthy for clean animals to be housed in. As I entered, I met a man coming out with a bowl of congealed blood, and I wondered what cruel deed had just been enacted in this building of horrors which had been the scene of indescribable torture and pain for so many years.

I had not long to wait, for on the floor of one of the old cells lay a poor defenceless little sheep, panting in its agony, with its four legs so tightly tied together that the stout string was hardly visible.

The man had cut and torn the live skin from the neck, and made incisions in the flesh longitudinally and allowed the blood to run into the bowl, which he had carefully carried out as I entered, as if he had something of exceptional value in that blood and did not want to risk it being spilled. He now returned, and taking the neck of the poor sheep, he bent it back with all his strength, intending thereby to break its neck. But he had not severed the wind-pipe, which is like elastic, and so he failed in his efforts, and the poor sheep still continued to pant on in its agony.

Whether the man was a butcher or not I cannot say, but from his actions and the merciless treatment of the throat, he must have killed other sheep in the same way.

Evidently he, and many others in their ignorance, believe that there is some virtue in taking blood from an animal under such conditions.

But the very object aimed at is defeated by the very action used in the acquisition of the blood by such methods.

In my book, "Snake-Life Simply Told," I show how the venom of snakes increases when they are hunted, and this additional poison starts through fear, increasing proportionately to the fear experienced.

It is well known that the state of fear poisons blood, which taken as a food, has a deleterious effect upon the consumer.

A well-known physician explained to me the process of blood poisoning by fear as follows: "Fear and pain produce a condition of shock, affecting the tone of blood-vessels and alimentary canal, the contractibility of involuntary muscular fibres being diminished.

"The result of this is to increase the lumen or bore of these tubular organs, and particularly in the case of stomach and intestines, where longitudinal, as well as circular fibres are normally in semi-contraction; the length of the tube also is increased.

"The alimentary contents (excluding the food factor) consisting largely of micro-organisms and toxin in solution, are separated from the blood in the alimentary blood-vessels—an important system—by the walls of the alimentary canal and blood-vessels.

"When these are normally contracted (thick) the absorption of toxin (poisons, waste products) is such as can be dealt with by the eliminating system.

"When shock is present, as from pain or fear, the intestinal and blood-vessel walls are thin, and more blood is present for a longer time in the engorged vessels, while the absorption area of the inner intestinal surface is greatly increased, as also the absorbing area of the blood-vessel wall.

"To summarize, more poisons are in closer contact with more blood for a longer time.

"All these factors favour greater absorption by osmosis, or filtration, of toxins from the alimentary canal into the blood-stream.

"The blood, now more highly charged, is less efficient as a nourishing and repairing agent, so that the alimentary canal itself, in common with the rest of the body, suffers, and the tendency, if the cause is not removed, is to render the condition, to some extent, a chronic one."

After working for years for the suppression of the bull-fight, I took the chair at a public meeting where I headed a list to secure a hundred thousand signatures to the Prime Minister of Spain thanking him for his efforts for eliminating the picadors' turn in the bull-ring.

That list was posted to the Prime Minister, but never reached his hands!

If my mission had been known upon some occasions in Spain, I am afraid I should have been an unwelcomed visitor, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that as a first stage for the elimination of the horse from the ring,

provision is now made for its protection by the use of a cuirass. But still the horse suffers, and I hope that ere long the horse will entirely disappear from the bull-ring, and that Spain will seek some noble sport to replace what has been a national disgrace for many centuries.

Another reform which I am able to record is that the *banderillas de fuego*—the fire-darts—are now forbidden.

This is by terms of a Royal order which were published in the Spanish Official Gazette on June 14, 1928. The use of the *banderillas de fuego* in future is absolutely forbidden, and the reason given is that their use is unnecessarily cruel and repugnant to the majority of the spectators, and is of no benefit to the bull-fighters, as the powers of resistance of the bull are not weakened. The use of four pairs of ordinary darts are unfortunately still to be permitted. It is to be hoped that increasing unpopularity of bull-fighting, culminating in extinction, is being brought about by the very force which now upholds it, namely, public opinion.

It is also to be hoped that bull-fighting is losing some of its pristine popularity, and that we may look forward to the day when, with the spread of education and modern ideas, so long delayed in the Iberian peninsula, bull-fighting will be abolished.

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